

*Spiritual Journey*, by Misti Sandefur from RR 3 Box 255,  
Harrisburg, IL, 62946, US. ©2010, Misti Sandefur. All  
rights reserved. Aside from fair use, no part of this excerpt  
may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or  
transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic,  
mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior  
written permission of Misti Sandefur.

***Spiritual Journey***  
**Book One: Acts of Kindness Series**  
**By Misti Sandefur**

**Chapter 1**

Angela Bradley loaded her bags into the RV. With a full tank of gas, she was ready to embark on a new journey: a road trip for the Lord. But before she could begin her journey, she had one stop to make: her mom's house.

Ms. Bradley always supported her daughter's decisions, but Angela wondered if her mom would understand this one. Regardless of how she would react, Angela felt she had to share the plan with her.

As Angela approached the front door, she felt the butterflies in her stomach. She took a deep breath and slowly exhaled before she entered the house.

"Mom, are you here!" Angela called from the living room.  
"In the kitchen dear!" Ms. Bradley answered.

As usual, Angela hugged her mom and kissed her softly on the cheek before taking a seat at the kitchen table, where a lot of their conversations took place.

"Not writing today?" Ms. Bradley asked. Normally Angela would be writing an article or working on her novel at this time, so her visit was a bit of a surprise. Maybe she had writer's block, Ms. Bradley thought.

"No. In fact, I won't be writing as often after today. And when I do, it will mostly be on my novel, because I'd love to finally finish it."

"How do you plan on paying the bills and feeding yourself if you're not going to write articles like you've been doing?" Ms. Bradley asked with concern.

"Well, as you know, I took on some extra clients this past year. I put all the money from the articles I sold to them in a savings account and paid my bills with the money I received from my usual clients."

Angela paused just long enough for her mom to absorb that bit of information.

"Go ahead. I'm listening," Ms. Bradley acknowledged.

"During that time, I managed to save enough money to get me by for six months and to get a small RV, which I

bought a couple days ago. Now, before you get all bent out of shape, I want you to know I can get by without writing and selling articles for six months, because I paid all my bills that far in advance."

"That's comforting to hear, but your electric and water bills vary each month, so how did you know how much to pay on those?"

"I didn't. I had them shut off. I won't be needing them for a while."

Ms. Bradley's mouth dropped open. She couldn't believe what she'd just heard. What on Earth was her child thinking!

"Okay, so you've saved money, bought an RV and had your water and electricity turned off; it sounds like you're going on a long vacation. Am I right?"

"It's not what you'd really call a vacation. I'm actually going to... hmm, how can I put this... I'm going to do some volunteer work for the Lord."

Although Ms. Bradley couldn't understand her daughter's spontaneous decision, she was proud of Angela at that moment. Proud because she had learned her daughter was going to continue being a good Christian by working for the Lord, but she couldn't quite figure out exactly what

kind of work her daughter volunteered to do. Would she be helping a charity? How far did she plan to travel?

"I'm delighted to hear you're going to work for the Lord, but what do you plan to do? Who will you be volunteering for? And how far do you plan to drive?"

Angela expected those questions, but she wasn't exactly sure how to answer them in terms her mom would understand. She also knew that no matter how she chose to answer the questions, deep down she sensed this would be the first time her mom might not support her. Nevertheless, she knew she had to tell her everything. She'd might as well get it over with so she could say goodbye and be on her way to wherever her kind and caring heart led her.

"Well, mom, you know I believe God sends angels to Earth to help those in need, right?"

"Yes, but what does that have to do with your volunteer work?"

"Since I'm a big fan of the work that angels do, I'd like to help others too. In other words, I want to perform good deeds for the Lord, and I know He'll bless me."

"Honey, that sounds very generous of you, and I have no doubt you'll be blessed, but angels are good people

who've gone home to be with the Lord. They're sent by Him from Heaven."

"I understand that, and when my time comes, I hope I'm one of those good Christians chosen by God to be an angel."

"You're already a great Christian, dear, and I'm almost certain when the good Lord calls you home, you'll become an angel. Until that time, though, you need to be realistic. What I mean is you could end up in a risky situation trying to help someone -- an actual angel can't die again, so the situation wouldn't be dangerous to them. Do you understand the point I'm trying to make?"

"Yes, mom, I understand. I also know the Lord and His angels will be on my side and look out for me."

"It sounds like your mind's made up, and as always, I'll support you. That said, what's your first good deed? Who will you be helping?"

"I'm not sure yet. I'll travel down the road and make stops. Along the way, I'll do what writers do best: listen to the conversations around me, as well as watch and read the news. Then when I hear about someone that I think needs help, I will do my best to find that person and do whatever I can to assist them. As soon as I feel I've completed that job, I'll travel some more in search of another soul who may need my help."

"At least call me often to let me know how you're doing, and know that I'll be praying for you."

Angela stood and walked over to give her mom another hug and kiss.

"Thanks for your support and prayers. It really means a lot to me. I will keep in touch. I love you, mom."

"I love you too. May God bless you and keep you safe."

"Oh, He will; I'm sure of it."